

at his ears and face in tatters. Thus clad in rags, almost barefooted, have I seen this poor debased wretch of what was once a tall, well-formed, immortal wading through the mud in spring and fall, and through the cold, drifting snows of winter, going five miles to get a quart or a pint of rum. I knew this creature for eight years before he died; and my argument has been furnished me in pleading cause of temperance, and never have I prayed earnestly for the success of this cause than when I have seen him walking along with feeble, tottering steps, or lying in the ditch, heedless of drifting snows and pelting storms. When the tempests began, men began to plead for cold water, poor, haggard wretch, catching the tone and cant more gentlemanly drunkards and wine-bibbers, the cold water folks as a puny, dough-faced, sanguined race.

was his great delight to get into distilleries, grogs, and taverns, and with the makers and venders, drinkers of rum, to laugh at cold water and cold men. Heedless of the fact that stared him everywhere in the face, that is, that all intoxicating liquors a man in rags, enfeebles his muscular powers, and deranges and paralyzes all the faculties of his soul; while cold water clears, invigorates, and tones the mind, braces up and increases the bodily energies, gives to man an erect, fair, and manly form, throws an atmosphere of smiling joy and bliss all around him; he went on pouring down, with his potations, his rum, beer, cider, or any thing else which would make the drunk come, and ridiculing cold water, and cold water societies. But a day of dire retribution was at hand. Cold water was sent to extort from the drunkard a glorious testimony of her favor; and the water mocker and despiser about to confess, before God and the world, that pure, sweet beverage of heaven was not to be reckoned with impunity. Within twelve months past he was gone down to the drunkard's grave and a drunkard's eternity. As he drew near the closing scene, he seemed to himself to be floating in liquid fire.

His blood and brains seemed on fire. He could not be convinced that he was not plunged into the flames, and breathing in an atmosphere of fire. At the time his cry would be "fire, fire," with horrid shrieks and writhing, agonizing features, and then it was "water, water! O for some cold water." He sunk into the drunkard's grave—consumed entirely burnt up by the fire kindled in his blood alcohol. His last words, his dying cry, was "water! water!"

IMMEDIATE REPARTEE.—A soldier of Marshal Saxe's being discovered in a thief, was condemned to death. What he had stolen might be worth five dollars. The Marshal meeting him as he was led to execution said, "what a miserable fool you are to risk your life for five shillings!" "General," said the soldier, "I have risked it every day for five dollars." This repartee saved his life.

SKETCH OF GERMAN STUDENTS.

In air of defiance, an exulting step, an intrepid air, are the marks and tokens of a German student. This audacious bearing is strengthened and bold by the open collar, short frock (generally of cotton Green, and of Robin Hood's own cut) small beret, the point pressing flatly on the forehead, hair cropped like Giotto's or Cimabue's apostles, and bristling at each side of the face. These paraded libertines, for such they are during their legitimate life, run a course of unbridled riot, master of the quiet classes of society by their force and daring: to be formidable seems their point of honor and they sustain it fiercely. Many of these swaggers are certainly of an age to have long since finished their studies, and others curl their angry muscles as if they had already much powder, and were for treason, strategem, or strife! Indeed, their appearance is more than of lawless desperadoes, robbers, of the cave and forest, or than of dwellers in the quiet groves of Academus: and yet these same students, when absent from their universities, appear persons of peaceful and respectable habits, earning in the pursuit of knowledge, and often battling gallantly for its attainment in the very teeth of poverty and its concomitant disadvantages.

He fearless, lawless air of a German student beaks a man who dreams of equality of station and limited license, and who will bluster about his rights and expectancies boldly and fiercely, at least like the hey-day of youth lasts. His mind is like a dress, manly and faultless, but the black-cavated belt of the *boys latin* shows in his thoughtful eye, abstracted yet ardent look, the spirit that never fails, the absorbing hope which clings to the heart though life, and never loses sight of the indemnity-moment. Perhaps the cause of an observation recently made, that a German youth, on quitting college, soon forgets the day-dream of liberty, the ejected efforts of patriotism which have amused his youth, and quietly settles into the peaceful subject some petty prince, while a Frenchman who has been taken by a political bias, rarely soars down into a pliant and contented citizen of a government identical to his early opinions and feelings, may be traced to the different positions of their respective countries, one, a member of a vast empire divided into states, more or less powerful, can never hope to be the different portions of his variously ruled country under one enlightened and paternal system of government, while from the still and unparaded state of France, every Frenchman looks to the central point, from which a constitution, inspired by the love of liberty, and matured by wisdom, a constitution, affording equal protection and equal advantages to all, may emanate.

WESLEYAN HARP.
SECOND EDITION.

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TERMS OF THE HERALD.

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The above, dear brethren, are among the charges which have been preferred against us in the columns of the Christian Advocate and Journal; and during the time of their publication, some of us remonstrated with the editor personally in private, and urged them not to assail us in this way without giving us the privilege of saying one word in self-defence; and some of us wrote to them to the same effect, but all to no purpose; and thus we have been compelled to submit in silence and have these charges, as unjust and

ZION'S HERALD.

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Whole No. 289.

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Office No. 19 Washington St.

BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR., EDITOR.
ASSISTED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF GENTLEMEN.

DAVID H. ELIA, Printer.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

To the Preachers and Members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, within the bounds of the New England and New Hampshire Conferences:—

DEAR BRETHREN—We feel it our duty to say a few words to you, in the spirit of *love*, and of *meekness*, and of a *sound mind*. These are the dispositions which we always desire to feel when either speaking of ourselves or of others. And we beg of you to believe us when we say, that we feel no *unkindness* towards any whose remarks you may have seen concerning us, in this paper or in any other. We know that we do love and respect those who differ from us in opinion, and by the help of the good Lord, we are determined never to love them any the less, when they speak of us in a way which we think does us and the cause of God manifest injury, as we fear has been done, in some remarks which we now feel it our duty to notice; and we leave it for you to say, whether we are not called upon to do so, in which you shall have read and candidly considered the statements and remarks which follow.

We proceed to observe, then,

1. That we, in our associate capacity, have never addressed the *public* on the subject of Slavery, and, with one or two exceptions, we have never done this as *individuals*, till we were, a few weeks since, compelled to say a few words in self-defence, in the 25th No. of this paper. The "Appeal" which has been mentioned and referred to a number of times in the Herald, was never, properly speaking, *published* at all; it was printed, and sent to our brethren in the ministry in the New England and New Hampshire Conferences, (and, we believe, to the Maine Conference also,) as a *private concern* between them and ourselves alone. Now, admitting of argument's sake, that there had been any thing exceptional in that "Appeal," we respectfully put it to you to say, who have erred, in a communication which we have made to them, and to them alone, and they wish to prevent "excitement," *why do they proclaim it, and CENSURE us before the whole world?* Why do we have two and three columns of the Herald filled at a time with these proclamations, and from those to whom we have always rejoiced to look up to for example and counsel upon all difficult and perplexing subjects? If it is the wish of such, (and we doubt not it is) to prevent all undue excitement upon the subject of abolition, or to alay that which they think is already excited, why do they refer, with such severity of language, thus publicly to a document which the public never saw, to prove "that the very spirit of abolitionism is EXACERBATED by a RECKLESS CENSOROUSNESS, as foreign from the philanthropy it professes, as its opposite extreme?" Why are we told, in connection with such an unpleasant insinuation against us, that "the tender mercies of such abolitionists are cruel?" Now, we do not say that all the charges contained in the two long articles recently published in this paper, in which we are so definitely noticed, were meant for us *in particular*, nor are we expected from them; hence, as *abolitionists*, we must share our part in the censure contained in the following language:

"Is it worse to cauterize a black man's flesh, than it is to brand a white man's character? Your theoretical benevolence vapors much, and often lashes itself up into a paroxysm of feeling, full of sound and fury signifying nothing. Already they have aroused all the jealousies, and by their denunciations provoked all the excitable feelings of the South. It is MORAL QUACKERY at such times to administer stimulants, or apply caustics to the social system. What then shall we say of those who are still GORING THE SIDES OF PUBLIC FEELING with the spur of excitement? Who are LACERATING AND EXCITING PUBLIC SYMPATHY more incessantly, and with more RECKLESSNESS than the cruel slave-driver lacerates his writhing victim, even according to their own EXAGGERATED account of it? They are GOADING into high-rough-and-feeling all the essential principles of the human mind. Lecturers go about our streets with cone-hides in their hands; tens of thousands of dollars are contributed to rouse public sentiment, by agents, tracts, periodicals, and books. Even a P. E. can peddle out these raw head and bloody bones books all round his district; and at his own expense, I am told, sends out weekly one hundred copies of the most EXCITING AND UNREASONABLE periodical published by the abolitionists of the present day, to stir up among as many ministers the same EXCLUSIVE, CEN- SORIOUS, and FERVID SPIRIT."

"WHATEVER ERRORS our correspondent (whose language is quoted below) may have committed, or HOW EVER MUCH the Colonization Society may have FAILED to accomplish its objects, the doctrine of the Abolitionists CANNOT FIND AN ADVOCATE NOR AN APOLOGIST IN THE COLUMNS OF OUR JOURNAL."

2. It is with reluctance that we now feel ourselves compelled, by a rule of duty to you, dear brethren, as well as to the public who have read what has been repeated against us in this paper, as well as in the Christian Advocate and Journal, to lay before you some of the reasons which led us to write the "Appeal," against which so much has been said; and in doing this, you will perceive also some of the reasons which now induce us to attempt, in this way, for the first time, to disabuse your minds of the injury which we most solemnly believe has been done us and the cause of God, by the remarks which have appeared from time to time in the papers above named, concerning us and the course we have felt it our duty to pursue. We now ask you to read the following language, which we extract from the Christian Advocate and Journal, and which has appeared in that paper in the course of less than one year past; and we wish you to remember, while looking it over, that we never have, during the whole of this time, been PERMITTED to SAY ONE SINGLE WORD IN OUR OWN DEFENCE, in that paper, though we have requested the privilege, both verbally and publicly; but from first to last, this privilege has PERPETUALLY been denied us, as in the 412th No. of this paper the editors say:

"Williamite, April 4, 1835.

P. S.—It is possible I have not related the above dialogue *verbally*, but it is essentially true, and as near the original as I can recollect. Whether Mr. R.—'s customer told the truth relative to her brother's having been without "any thing to eat for three days?" I am not able to say. From what one or two bystanders said, I am inclined to think she did not. Her parents, nevertheless, are miserably poor, and unquestionably the whole family suffers much for want of bread, while Mr. R.— receives their cash, not their feather beds, for Brandy.

M. D.

"It seemed, and indeed the landlord said, that she had been there previously with the same feathers, but he had refused to purchase them; probably because they were worth nothing. He acknowledged that for the cash he sold intoxicating liquors to this miserable, poverty-stricken, drunken family. How long will our authorities license men to fill our almshouses with paupers, our penitentiaries with criminals, the world with suffering and misery, and hell with deathless souls?

M. DWIGHT.

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FOR ZION'S HERALD.
SLAVERY.
NO. IV.

Mr. ENRICK.—It had been my intention to address you next on the subject of Amalgamation; but on further reflection, I have concluded that as the series of extracts, which have been poured from the pages of the cheaply sold and freely distributed classics of Abolitionism into the columns of the Herald is probably nearly closed, it may be well to write about what degree of cruelty and licentiousness may be justly chargeable upon Southern slavery. I know that it is the impression of many pious and well meaning persons, that it is not easier to overrule the descriptions, and exaggerated the impressions on this subject; and that the true way is, to create a horrible though indefinite sense in the mind, that slavery is an evil beyond all measure or equal. I do much doubt, however, whether this mode of operation is likely to benefit any of the parties concerned in this truly momentous matter.

First.—It is certain that some of the authorities quoted are, if not in interest, certainly in feeling, of an *ex parte* character. No one can read a page of Mr. Bourne's book, for instance, without finding that his entire aim is not to give a definite knowledge, but to excite the mind. The whole temper of feeling, strain of thought, and train of epithets, demonstrate that he will have gained his purpose, only by having left the mind in an exasperated tone of feeling. It is the language of the lawyer and not of the witness, and is no more likely to be just than the account given by an apologist for slavery, or a slaveholder upon principle.

Second.—Every one of the individual facts upon the subject of cruelty and licentiousness may be true, and yet the concentrated impression of the whole may be cruelly false. I can most grossly libel in this manner a neighborhood or country without mistaking a single fact. It is thus that sectional prejudices are usually created and preserved. Suppose I wished to produce in the mind of an inquiring foreigner, the idea that America was a land of literal savagery—that the present inhabitants were on a par with the aborigines. I need only detail a few facts, and heap them in mass before his mind, in order to leave nothing but a confused sensation of boundless chaotic horrors. I need only detail with all circumstantial fitness and accuracy, a Houston assault, an attempted Presidential assassination, a conspiracy charged upon a senator,—Philadelphia election murder, and a New York riot, and what a picture would his imagination conceive of the stinking brat that fills this savage land. In this case, as in the case of the Southern states, individual truths may have the effect of falsehood in mass.

Third.—There is one fact that seems to prove that the charge of great general cruelty is untrue. It is well known that hardships and severities do suppress the spirit of population. One of the first circumstances, if I mistake not, which aroused the humanity of the British nation to the subject of West Indian slavery, was the appalling fact, that *the system was maddeningly diminishing the number of human lives*. Now, on the contrary, in our Southern states, although the climate is far less congenial, the most appalling fact is, the overwhelming amount of *increase of the colored upon the white population*. The result is a clear proof of the comparative mildness of Southern slavery.

Fourth.—Quotations equally worthy of credit, might be abundantly supplied, to prove that the partisan picture of Southern slavery is unfair. When a certain Mr. Thorne drew a picture of its licentiousness, not unknown to the columns of the Herald—without hesitation, set the brand of falsehood upon his story. It was my intention to send you three extracts; one from a professed apologist for slavery, another from an assailant of the system, and a third from a temporary resident at the South—all showing that there is frequently far too high a coloring on this subject by professed agitators. I have room and patience however to extract only the last; it is a pastoral letter written from the South, by a minister to his charge in Maine. He speaks as follows:—

"A question in the receipt of your last furnishes me a subject for this letter. The question is this: 'How does slavery appear to you now?' To this question I can give but one answer. The more I know of slavery, just like the rum-drinking and rum traffic, the more I abhor it. There is indeed no feature not unworthy about it. It is dreadful in every point of view—dreadful in its effects upon both blacks and whites. No good man at the North or South can but depurate its evils. But after all I tell you plainly, that as it respects the evil in the sight of God, I should far rather be the humane master of a thousand slaves, than to be engaged in distilling or vending ardent spirits—yes, than that of one tenth part of the slaves in the country in the land than that of one tenth part of the disgraceful and destructive drunks, that are so numerous both at the South and at the North. I would rather lend my vote and influence to license slaveholders than rum sellers—I would, ten to one, rather a slaveholder, even at the North, should be a member of my church, than a rum seller." The writer proceeds to say, that Satan's kingdom rests upon "these four great pillars, ADVENT SPIRITS, LICENTIENS, SABBATH BREAKING, SLAVERY, and rum slaves." It is monstrous and strength of moral probation are, the *least* of the *four*. I have only room to say, that the slaves appear to have as much enjoyment as any people here. Generally, they are treated in a kind and Christian manner—their labor for less and their health much better than laboring people at the North."

This appears to me not the language of a partisan. It was referred to the Attorney General, with instructions to act upon this and the other matters contained therein, and report to the next General Court. On motion of Mr. Parsons, it was also ordered, that the Committee appointed to examine into the accounts of towns for the support of State Paupers, be authorized to pursue their inquiries during the recess, and to report at the next session.]

Every day the wickedness, deceit, and hypocrisy of the Popish myrmidons in New England are exposed—appalling facts are accumulating. But this will not long be suffered. The sons of the Pilgrims are willing every man should enjoy with perfect independence his religious opinions—but when this right is resolved into *licentiousness*, when the Priests who minister at the altar take the *liberty* to help themselves to the money belonging to our state paupers, a sturdy feeling is aroused that they will find exceedingly difficult to quell.

MARTHA: A Memorial of an only and beloved Sister. By Rev. Andrew Reed, of London. Published by Horner & Brothers.

This is one of the best books we ever read. It is the character of a humble, deeply pious, and amiable young lady, written by her brother; and such a portrait we have rarely seen drawn. The multiplication of books like this, will have a most beneficial tendency upon community, as it possesses all the attractions of the highest wrought fiction, and at the same time, inculcates sentiments of the purest and most exalted character. But we cannot better exhibit the value of the book, than by presenting a few paragraphs.

Her Benevolence.—"If Martha's spirits were ever in danger of yielding to the disengagements of her domestic employ, she was supplied with an effectual remedy in her benevolence. She was not thinking of herself, but of others; and if occasionally her strength was exhausted, her mind chafed, and care was creeping over her countenance, she would instantly become herself again, under the cordial conviction that she was promoting the comfort of those dear to her. Their acknowledgment was an ample reward for her greatest exertions. How often have I seen her eyes brightened with heartfelt joy on receiving the caress of the father, the kind word of the mother, the approving glance of the brother, which expressed in her heart."

"There was an interest and earnestness in her manner which gave a charm to the simplest food and the slightest attention. Nature had not, perhaps, given her that quick observation of trifling circumstances on which so much of domestic urbanity and comfort depend; but benevolence more than supplied the deficiency; for love has a superior

sight to sagacity. Her affectionate eye would run in a moment over the well-known features of her family, and catch as quickly their several expressions. An unerring sympathy would prompt her deportment. It would tell her when to speak, when to be silent. It suggested what attentions would be acceptable, and what oppressive. It would dwell on her countenance with most fascinating power; and would not fail to bring its object under its general influence. Few, very few knew so well how to heighten joy or diminish grief; or have had such benevolent pleasure in reducing their knowledge to practice. The secret of her influence was her presence."

The thought of her, in the mind of her family, was identified with cheerfulness; and I have often marked with surprise how her influence would insensibly chase away anxiety and fatigue from the countenance, as the morning mist is dispelled by the smiling and gentle approach of the blessed light."

Conversation.—"Conversation usually began with her, and always in the most easy, generally in the most playful manner." "If religion became the theme, it was not because the hour of conversation was suitable, or because it became a necessary thing. Religion did not depress our cheerfulness, it relieved. How often has the hour of 'sweet domestic converse' been imperceptibly prolonged when this has been our subject! How often has it been dwelt upon, till life's tumult was forgotten, or heard only murmuring in the distance; till, alive to our present state of pilgrimage, we greeted each other as citizens of a better country; till our hopes blended with our meditations, and our meditations were lost amid the harps, the joys, the society of that blessed world!"

"Then followed the evening hymn, and the apostolic prayer—'Hail, thou bright and glorious Amen.' Then came the parting words, the kind wishes. Martha's heart always overflowed with them. The softness of her voice, the beaming of her eye, the gladness of her smile, the happiness of those hours, they are with me still—they will never depart!"

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to superintendents and teachers, as they tell us, is an expanding view of the greatness of the work which they are employed. The dangers of youth are thousand influences destructive of virtue, and all who are associated with them. They use indecorous language, and many of us are accustomed to it as hardly to shudder or we hear it, and if you do not put forth efforts we shall be as bad as they. A confident, he has much power over his associates. You have friends, how difficult is it for any of us, who are weak, to summon a sufficient dependence to bear up against the ridicule of Even men and women are subject to such and we have not the maturity of reason and of men and women. These depraved youths who we attend, and they join them in our play, and we can nowhere to avoid this bad influence from those of our own children and youths are led astray by the influence of persons older than themselves. We are very well known, capable of judging for ourselves, are dependent upon our elders to think for us, are an habitual reverence for them which we off, even when they are unworthy to be thus enumerated any more of the evils to which we our present age. But permit us to say that look forward to the dangers to which we may be exposed. You are one day to pass away from and we are to occupy your places.

the country's hope. It becomes you, then, to mind against influences which may unqualify us as citizens of this great republic. In a few months, in our passage through the a dangerous strait. On one hand is the rock. It protrudes to view a part of its black form, many a hidden crag beneath the treacherous the unskilful mariner is impelled upon its shore by the merciless waves which foam around it. It is the vortex of Popery. Many, many a are its whirling waves hurrying on to be in its voracious depths.

we have souls to be saved. These influences counteracted, not only ruin us, and our country, but we shall lose our souls. We are only for the society of wicked spirits, and we shall have to dwell. In fine, *I call that mind free*, which, conscious of its affinity with God, and confiding in his promises by Jesus Christ, devotes itself faithfully to the unfolding of all its powers; which passes the bounds of time and death, which hopes to advance forever, and which finds inexhaustible power, both for action and suffering, in the prospect of immortality.

THE ETTICK SHEPHERD.

Every body who loves good poetry, has heard of the *Ettick Shepherd*, or in other words, Mr. JAMES HOGG, of Scotland. It is remarked in the preface to a volume of his songs, published in N. York city a few years since, that "his history exhibits a triumph of genius and perseverance over the difficulties of original situation in life, and defective education, such as is seldom exhibited in the annals of literature."

At the age of seven years, he became a cowherd, and afterwards a shepherd. His small amount of wages he carried to his parents; but when he arrived at the age of fourteen, he saved five shillings, with which he bought an old violin. When the labors of the day were over, he amused himself by playing his favorite Scottish tunes. "My he," says he, "being always in stables and cow-houses, I disturbed nobody but myself."

His life was protracted, and he attained the age of eighteen, when he commenced reading poetry. At this time he was so bad a reader, that, as he says of himself, "before I got to the end of a line, I had commonly lost the rhyme of the preceding one."

His progress, however, was not to be stopped by ordinary difficulties. He embraced every opportunity to improve himself. His first attempt to write poetry, were made at the age of 22. His method of composing is told by himself, in a very humorous manner. "Having very little spare time from my flock, which was unruly enough, I folded and stitched a few sheets of paper, which I carried in my pocket. I had no inkhorn, but in place of it, I borrowed a small vial, which I fixed in a hole in the breast of my waistcoat, and having a cork affixed by a piece of twine, it answered the purpose full as well. Thus equipped, whenever a leisure moment or two offered, I had nothing to do but sit down and write my thoughts as I found them."

His poetical fame rests chiefly on the *Queen's Wake*, published in 1813, and on his songs, which have been, and we believe are still, exceedingly popular. He has of late years turned his attention to prose composition. He is now 64 years of age, has a family, and is settled on a comfortable farm.

We dare say, the reader by this time would like to see what kind of poetry such a man can make. Well, here it is. Is it not very beautiful?—n.

TO THE SKY LARK.

Bird of the wilderness! Blithesome and careless! Sweet be thy morn o' moorland and lea! Emblem of happiness! E'en thy dwelling place— O! to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud, Far in the dewy cloud. Love gives it energy—love gave it birth. Where on thy dewy wing, Where art thou journeying?

Thy lay is in heaven: thy love is on earth.

Over fell and fountain shew, O'er moor and mountain green.

O'er the red streaker, that heralds the day;

Over the cloudlet dim,

Over the rainbow's rim:

Musical cherub! soar, singing away.

Then when the evening comes,

Low on the horizon blooms,

Sweet will be thy welcome, and bid of love be.

Emblem of happiness!

Blest is thy dwelling place!

O! to abide in the desert with thee!

DREADFUL SUPERSTITION.

We have seldom seen a description of a more revolting case of superstition and fanaticism than is detailed in the following article from a foreign paper.

We learn from *Gnas*, a town in the lower Syria, that the following very extraordinary circumstance lately took place there: One Charron, a widower, had a daughter arrived at the years of maturity: and the young woman, transported to the most extravagant degree of superstition and fanaticism, imagined that she could have no hopes of salvation, unless she purified herself by fire. She communicated her intention to her father, who being equally superstitious, approved of her design, and even promised to assist her in carrying it into execution. All Saint's day was the time appointed for carrying the abominable project into effect. On the preceding evening the girl herself placed several faggots in the oven. When divine service began next day, the miserable self-devoted victim set fire to the faggots, and when the oven was red hot, with the assistance of her father, she entered the fiery apartment, the door of which the father closed, and having stopped up the vacancies with clay tempered with water, placed a crucifix before the oven and then went out of the house with every appearance of tranquillity and satisfaction. Having told some persons whom he met, that his daughter was doing penance over the heated oven, they hastened to her assistance; but before their arrival the body was entirely consumed. The father was apprehended and conducted to Gleichenburg, where he has undergone an examination.

GUT AT LAST.

The Lady Superior's Books, bearing the very short and modest title of "An Answer to Six Months in a Convent," exposing its falsehoods, and manifold absurdities," is now before the public, thickly covered with blushing beauties. Such a collection of jewels!—how the following, for instance, sparkle!—"foul aspersion"!—"falsifications,"—"lies,"—"baseness,"—"abandoned girl," etc. etc. etc.

I call that mind free, which jealously guards its intel-

that since the period we have mentioned he has continued in Nova Scotia most of the time, occasionally, however, visiting this country on business appertaining to his holy office. In all the missions he gave satisfaction both to the Wesleyan committee and our friends in this country. One of his amiable granddaughters, in a letter to Mrs. H., says, "In the death of our beloved grandfather, we sorrow not as those without hope. His end was peace. Indeed, he appeared to be ripening for glory for some time before he was called to exchange worlds."

The same writer says—

I have a letter from my esteemed friend, Marion G. Black, Esq., a son of the deceased, from which I make the following extract:

"When our venerable and beloved parent was bidden by his heavenly Master to have done with earthly things, he appeared ready to quit our company to join a far better, in the realms of bliss. On Sunday, the 7th, after morning service, the children, as usual, called to pay their respect to him, and to inquire after his health. I noted that he appeared more unwell than usual; and in the evening he was obliged to take to his bed. I found that he was sinking fast. I was unable to say much, but found at the last gasp, it was evident that he was quite sensible of his approaching end, and that he felt the support and consolations of that religion which it had been the great business of his life to recommend to others. He remarked, "All is well—the Lord's will be done," &c., and in this frame of mind he remained until about 11 o'clock on the following morning, when, without a struggle or a groan, he yielded up his spirit into the hands of his Master."

REVIVALS.

We thank our brother for the following very interesting statement. Surely, such revivals—and they are not like angels visits, few and far between"—indicate the approaching of the morn, blushing and glorious, when darkness shall be dispersed and millennial peace reign universally.

CHICHESTER, N. H.

BR. KINGSBURY—As this sheet is not full, I will just give you a short account of a glorious revival which I witnessed in January last, in Stanstead, L. C. The revival was in the church and congregation of the Rev. Mr. Squire, a Wesleyan Methodist at Stanstead Plain. It commenced at a meeting which was appointed for four days. On the first day, missionary addresses were delivered, and a society formed. Among those who addressed the congregation was brother Elias Lee, the venerable father of the Rev. Daniel, and brother to the Rev. Jason Lee, our worthy missionary to the far West. The venerable father in Israel rejoiced at having a son and brother in the missionary field. On the evening of the third day, a wonderful display of divine power was witnessed, and sinners were crowding around the altar, inquiring what they must do to be saved.

On the morning of the fourth day a love-feast was held, which was owned and blessed of the Lord. One circumstance was very striking. Brother Lee (noticed above) arose, thanked the Lord for his goodness, and for the bright prospect before him, although two nights previous he was alarmed by fire, which wholly destroyed his dwelling house and much of its contents, and he was turned into the street with his family, without a dwelling of his own on earth; yet he gloried in the thought that he had a building in the heavens—a house not made with hands.

The meeting was protracted, and I had the pleasure of attending about eight days, during which time about sixty were converted. I have since learned that the meeting continued forty days. Two hundred and fifty three hundred were converted, and one hundred had joined the church, and others were waiting for an opportunity to join, and the work was still going on. The infidel, the universalist, the scoffer, and bold blasphemer, are subjects of the work. One man who had read much, and had professed to be a universalist, was so well convinced of its error while the truth was exhibiting, that he went home and committed to the flames those books in his possession which advocated the universalist doctrine, and, with tears of penitence, saw them consumed, and was soon made to rejoice in pardoning mercy. May thousands do likewise.

W. M. S. LOCK.

CHICKOPEE, MASS.

About thirty souls have been brought from darkness to light, in this place. Fifteen have joined the society on probation, and the work is still progressing. To God be all the glory.

REUBEN BOWEN.

IS IT ALL TRUE?

BROTHER KINGSBURY—I rejoice that the Herald has taken a decided stand against Popery, and hope you will be able to sound an alarm which will be heard and heeded through the length and breadth of our land. The truth and the whole truth should be spread before the public. But while we are doing this, there is no danger of magnifying the evil, as to discourage our friends rather than prompt them to strenuous efforts to avert the evil. I should think such the effect of an article in your last, from your correspondent who writes over the signature of "G. H. I." Indeed, there are some things in his piece hard to be believed. He says, "We are told by good authority that the Papists are now the most numerous sect in the Union." I have statistics published within the year which set down the whole Roman Catholic population at 550,000.

He says again that "450,000 arrived here within the last twelve months." I suppose a portion of the emigrants are Protestants, say one-fourth, which would make the entire emigration to this country the last year amount to 600,000. I was not aware that there had ever been 100,000 foreigners landed on our shores in a year.

Perhers you will answer the questions which I am about to ask on this subject. If not, I would address them to the Herald to G. H. I.

1st. How large is the entire Catholic population in the United States?

2d. Are the professions or occupations of emigrants noted at the Custom House?

3d. What evidence have we that 450,000 Catholic emigrants came over the last year?

T. North Dighton, April 8.

How is it, Brother G. H. I.? Can you prove your declarations against our "Catholic brethren?"

The following uncommonly beautiful and eloquent passage, we extract from an Election Sermon delivered in this city, by Dr. CHANNING, a few years since.—

FREEDOM OF THE MIND.

That mind alone is free, which, looking to God as the inspired and rewarder of virtue, adopts his law, written on the heart and in the soul, as its supreme rule, and which, in obedience to this law, itself, purifies itself, exerts faithfully its best powers, and subdues itself to well doing, in whatever sphere God's providence assigns.

It has pleased the All-wise Disposer to encompass us from our birth, by difficulty and straits, to place us in a world where wrong doing is often gainful, and duty, rough and perilous; where many voices oppose the dictates of the inward monitor, where the body presses as a weight on the mind and matter, by its perpetual agency on the senses, creates a barrier between us and the spiritual world. We are in the midst of influences, which menace the intellect and the heart, and to be free is to withstand and conquer those.

I call that mind free, which masters the senses; which protects itself against animal appetites; which contemns pleasure and pain in comparison with its own energy; which penetrates beneath the body, and recognizes its own reality and greatness; which passes life, not in asking what it can eat and drink, but in hungering, thirsting, and seeking after righteousness.

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lectual rights and powers; which calls no man master; which does not content itself with a passion, or hereditary faith; which opens itself to light whenever it may come; which receives new truth as an angel from heaven; which, while consulting others, inquires still more of the oracle within itself, and uses instruction from abroad, not to supersede, but to quicken and exalt its own energies.

I call that mind free, which sets no bounds to its love; which is not imprisoned in itself, or in a sect; which recognizes in all human beings the image of God, and the rights of his children; which delights in virtue, and sympathizes with suffering, wherever they are seen; which conquers pride, anger, and sloth, and offers itself up a willing victim to the cause of mankind.

I call that mind free, which is not passively framed by outward circumstances; which is not swept away by the torrent of events; which is not the creature of accidental impulse; but which bears events to its own improvement, and acts from an inward spring, from immutable principles which are self-evident.

I call that mind free, which protects itself against the usurpations of society; which does not cover to human opinion; which feels itself accountable to a higher tribunal than man's; which respects a higher law than fashion; which respects itself too much to be the slave, or tool, of the many, or the few.

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I call that mind free,

Poetry.

SAILOR'S HYMN.

BY MRS. L. H. BIGOURNEY.

When the parting bosom bleeds,
When our native shore recedes,
When the wild and faithless main
Takes us to her trust again,
Father! view a sailor's woe—
Guide us, wheresoe'er we go.

When the lonely watch we keep,
Silent, on the mighty deep,
While the boisterous surges harse,
Bear us daily on our course—
Eye that never slumbers! shed
Holy influence on our head.

When the Sabbath's peaceful ray,
O'er the ocean's breast doth play,
Though no throng assemble there,
No sweet church bell warms to prayer,
Spirit! let thy presence be
Sabbath to the unresting sea.

When the raging billows dark,
Thundering toss our threatened bark,
Thou, who on the whelming wave,
Didst the weak disciple save—
Thou who hearest when we pray,
Jesus! Saviour! be our stay.

When in foreign lands we roam,
Far from kindred, far from home,
Stranger-eyes our conduct viewing,
Heathen bands our steps pursuing,
Let our conversation be
Fitting those who follow Thee.

Should pale Death, with arrow dread,
Make the ocean eave our bed,
Though no eye of love might see
Where that shrouded grave shall be—
Christ! who hast the surges roll,
Deign to save the sailor's soul.

Miscellaneous.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

NO. VIII.

DEAR SIR—My next objection to Universalism is that it perverts the Scriptures. Its advocates assert, for instance, that a valley near Jerusalem is always alluded to by the inspired writers, in those expressions which are understood by Christians to mean future punishment. They deny that the "Jews, or writers of the Old Testament knew any thing of a future state of punishment." On these assumed positions, they proceed to explain all those passages in the New Testament which indicate the doctrine of the endless misery of the wicked.

Josephus was a contemporary of the apostles, a priest of the Jews, and unquestionably the best profane historian of antiquity. In his address to the Greeks on Hades, he affirms that it was the belief of his countrymen, that Hades was a subterranean place in the centre of the earth, divided into two mansions: the right hand one, they called *Abraham's bosom*, where the souls of all good men are kept till the resurrection—that their enjoyments meanwhile consist in the contemplation of those things to be afterwards enjoyed beyond the end of time. This mansion is divided from another, by a *chaos* deep and large, which chaos is impassable by those in either mansion. The left hand apartment of Hades, he tells us, is reserved for the souls of the wicked—that this apartment is in the neighborhood of hell (*Gehenna*), so that the wicked are tormented by the hot vapor of the *lake of fire*, and punished partly, by the sight of the torments that await them on the one hand, and a view of the happiness of the righteous on the other. He also tells us that none had yet been cast into the lake of fire, but that punishment is reserved for the wicked after the resurrection, when they will be cast alive into it.

This fact proves the falsehood of their assertions in relation to the meaning of the words *Hades*, &c.; and that, when the Saviour and his apostles used these terms, they were understood to affirm them of a future state, and as they knew the opinions of their hearers on these points, they would have refuted instead of confirmed those opinions, had they designed to establish the doctrines of *no hell*, *devil*, *no anger*, *God*; which constitute such prominent features in Universalism.

Their assertion respecting the Valley of Hinnom being the place of the punishment of crimes, is contradicted by matter of fact. Golgotha appears to have been the place for executing criminals.

Their statement that "the Mosaic law doomed criminals for ten different crimes to be burned to death in the fire of Gehenna, or Valley of Hinnom;" is a fabrication of their own, without a shadow of truth to support it.

Having thus briefly shown that their premises are not proved, and incapable of being sustained, it follows that all interpretations of Scripture founded on those premises are false, and hence the arguments of these impostors amount to nothing. The Enquiries of Balfour, on which so much time has been bestowed, are predicated on the fact assumed, that these terms *Hades*, *Sheol*, and *Gehenna*, were understood of the grave, and the Valley of Hinnom; but instead of proving his premises, he assumes them in the face of opposing evidence.

From these considerations it is evident that the mode of interpretation they pursue is a perversion of the Holy Scriptures, weakening the confidence of their disciples in the truths of revelation, and paving the way to open infidelity. Well may the drunkard, the profane, the Sabbath breaker, embrace it.

ATHANASIUS.

Manchester, Ct., March 24, 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

CALVINISM, NEW DIVINITY, ETC.

PART V.

REPLY TO THE NEW ENGLAND SPECTATOR.

MR. EDITOR—When I commenced writing these Numbers, I had no idea of entering the arena of controversy; and now I have no such design. I intended merely to make a few desultory observations on the doctrines, manner of preaching, procedure, &c., of the New Divines, according to the sources of information within my reach; having not so much as a thought of discussing the merits of any important question. When I wrote my last article, I did not intend to write any more on the subject; and my reason for resuming my pen is, to make a few explanations, and "substantiate" a few "assertions." It seems that the Editor of the New England Spectator has taken some exceptions to a part of what I have written, and calls imperiously on "Orthodoxy."

substantiate his assertions, or publicly withdraw his accusations." I prefer to adopt the first alternative.

1. "That the New School Calvinists deny the doctrine of Total Depravity; that is, that all the acts of a human being are sinful and only sinful, until divine grace interpose, is without the shadow of proof."

Now, Mr. Editor, I deny having made such an assertion as is specified in the above sentence. The Editor of the Spectator has given us a *New Divinity* definition of total depravity, then charges the language upon me, and insinuates that "Orthodoxy" denies that the New Divines believe thus and so.

My language was, "Calvinists of the old school believe in the doctrine of 'Original Sin' and 'Total Depravity'; those of the new do not." By this I meant to be understood, that they did not believe in total depravity, in the common acceptation of the term, or, as it is understood by most evangelical Christians. This I still aver; and this I think the Editor of the Spectator will not deny. If he does, then the burden of proof will fall on him, and not on me. New Divines believe in total depravity—but how? They do not allow that there is a "fountain of evil" in the heart of man—that his nature is corrupted, or that he is afflicted with any moral taint, prior to the years of accountability. In what, then, does total depravity (on this scheme) consist? Why, in responsible voluntary acts of the mind. Take the following as proof:

"I do not believe that the nature of the human mind, which God creates, is *itself sinful*; or that God punishes men for the nature which he creates; or that sin pertains to any thing in the mind which precedes all conscious mental exercise or action, and which is neither a matter of consciousness nor of knowledge!"—Dr. Taylor's *Letter to Dr. Hawes*.

"The position that sin consists in voluntary and intelligent action, and not in something distinct from the will, was maintained by Dr. Taylor, in the Christian Spectator for 1823, and in his *Concio ad Clerum*, &c. 'Native depravity,' then, in his view, is actual transgression from the womb; and the notion of any other kind of depravity than that which is sated in the will, is entirely discarded."

See *Christian Spectator* for 1833, Vol. V. No. 4, Art. IX.

This last sentence is not spoken of Dr. Taylor, but of another writer; yet in sentiment they perfectly harmonize. I make no comments on the above extracts—they need none from me. Those who read may judge for themselves.

2. "The other assertion, that the New School believe that regeneration is an act of the will and the work of the creature, without the work of the Holy Ghost wrought in the heart (a charge amounting to blasphemy against the Holy Ghost), is not entitled to so mild an appellation as that of misrepresentation. If the writer knows any thing about the subject, he knows it is false."

Every man who engages in the discussion of important theological points, is in some sense responsible for the language he uses, and the ultimate and legitimate consequences of the system which he advocates. This rule, when applied to the advocates of the New Haven theology, throws them into rather a curious predicament. They make use of very ambiguous language. Sometimes they speak of the Holy Ghost and the Spirit's influence, and one would almost think while reading the sentence, that they were perfectly orthodox. But before he has finished the page or chapter, he finds something which seems plainly to contradict what he had just read. Therefore it would be no wonder if consequences are charged upon this system, from which a pious heart would revolt with the utmost horror. I am charged with falsehood, because I said that the New Divines' regeneration is an act of the will and the work of the creature." By the phrase, "work of the creature," it would be understood thus: If regeneration is an act of the will, then, it is the work of the creature. The first part of the charge, however, that "the New Divines hold that regeneration is an act of the will, or voluntary action of the mind, in view of certain motives," I still allege, and will endeavor to prove.

A writer in the 4th No. of the Christian Spectator, for 1833, while speaking of regeneration, expressly says—"There certainly (in our judgment) is a better view of this subject prevailing among Christians than there used to be; there is a more direct and unembarrassed inculcation of the great duty of the sinner's giving his heart to God without delay, than there formerly was, and on the single ground that it is an act of the will and choice, and nothing else." So says Mr. Finney, in his 17th Lecture on Revivals. "Conversion is yielding to truth. Does God say, 'Pray for a new heart?' Never. He says, 'Make you a new heart.' And the sinner must not be told to pray God to do his duty for him, but to go and do it himself!" Those who read, may judge whether I am guilty of falsehood or not. That very many of the New Divines are ardently pious, I doubt not. I pray God to correct their hearts, and heal their hearts, and make them instrumental of great good.

ORTHODOXY.

W—Id, March 30, 1835.

[From the Episcopal Recorder.]

THE ORATOR.

Some time ago, I was travelling in — county, and about sunset stopped at a very respectable looking tavern. The next morning, being Sunday, I told the landlord that my conscience did not permit me to travel on the Sabbath, and I inquired for the nearest place of evangelical worship. He told me that his family usually attended the church of the Rev. Mr. B—, and politely invited me to accompany him. I accordingly went, in company with the landlord and his family, to hear the Rev. Mr. B. His church was a neat stone building, on a high and unenclosed moor plain.

The Rev. Mr. B. was tall and well made. He stood erect, and yet in his manly port there was no stiffness or awkwardness of manner. His head was nearly bald, but this was almost the only circumstance which indicated the advances of age. There was about him a loftiness of bearing, an independence of air, alienated from every thing of pride and hauteur, that reminded the spectator of Henry Clay, the orator of the American Senate. His articulation was correct and distinct, and particularly so of the consonant sounds. He commenced slowly, and it was evident that his sermon was extempore, and not committed to memory. His manner was perfectly natural. There was little of the declaiming manner, at the same time that there was nothing that savored of vulgarity. At times, his oratory appeared like the colloquial style of a father, reasoning and remonstrating in his parlor with his children; at other times, he rose in dignity as the subject demanded, and assumed the sternness of the prophet of God, when he unmasked the hypocrisy and the turpitude of the royal sinner, and said to him, "Thou art the man!"

Had it been his lot to have been placed at the head of his country's armies, his firm countenance would have inspired his soldiers with confidence, and have struck terror to the hearts of his foes. But his was the nobler office to fight the battles of his Lord and Master, and like the valiant *Great Heart*, the champion of the pilgrims, to protect and guide the children of God, and contend against the embattled legions of the prince of darkness.

Sometimes, impressed with the loftiness of the theme, he spoke of heaven, and in the most sublime manner, pictured its felicities and its glories; so that the desire of the Psalms must have filled every heart—"Oh, that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest!" The interest in his preaching was kept up until the close—there was no flagging of attention, no disposition to drowsiness, no wandering of looks, on the part of the auditory; but the countenances of the hearers assumed an increasing solemnity of appearance, and, hushed in breathless admiration, they hung upon the animated speaker.

He sometimes leaned over the pulpit, and reasoned with the sinner, in such a practical manner, as brought the truth home to the heart, and convinced all, that like his master, "he spake as one having authority." His denunciations were so pointed, his allusions to the sins and the state of feeling of his hearers were so direct, that like the ancient Partisan archer, there was not an arrow that he took from his quiver, but it hit the spot.

It might probably be said, that had the lot of the Rev. Mr. B. been, more early in life, cast in some of our great cities, the necessary connection between him and the learned, and the frequent appearance before those who are no mean judges in oratory, would have improved and polished his eloquence. But to the lovers of the *natural*, this would have been a deteriorating change. We love to see the noble stream, now rushing down a cataract, and anon checking its impetuous waves amid its widening banks; but we soon grow satisfied with the regularly flowing waters of the artificial canal. The *guerrilla*, who fought from the fastnesses of his native Aragon or Castile, and who terrified the soul of the invading Gaul, when forced to endure the discipline of the camp, and to combat according to the rules of the tactician, became nerveless and inefficient. After hearing him preach, the auditor might well be astonished, that his eloquence and his masterly pulpit talents had not been more generally known and appreciated; and that he has not obtained, what are so justly his due, the highest honors of the Church, whose peculiar felicity it is to claim him as her son.

WEDDING STORY.

The writer was lately at a wedding, and heard the following good story—

In the Palatinate of Germany, there lived a fine young fellow, an only son of a rich nobleman. He paid his addresses to an only daughter of a gentleman quite as rich as his father. In every particular, the young couple seemed a suitable match. When all due arrangements were adjusted between the parties, the young nobleman politely addressed the damsel's father, and requested his daughter in marriage. The old gentleman instantly refused, to the no small chagrin of the young man. "But why is this denial? What can induce you to withhold your daughter?" says the young fellow. "I am," said the father, "resolved never to marry my daughter to any man whatever, who has no trade." "My fortune is sufficient to support your daughter and myself, and if that is not sufficient, surely your daughter's patrimony will amply supply the lack," replied the suitor. "Our country is liable to be overrun with war," rejoined the old man, "and property is very insecure. I cannot give my daughter to any but a mechanic." "How long," says the young man, "will you retain your daughter for me to learn a trade?" "As long as you please," replied the father.

The young man apprised himself immediately, of the basket maker, and in six months returned with perfect specimens of his skill. The nuptials were celebrated.

But now is seen the *agenzia* of the old man's advice.

A short season only elapsed, when war devasted the country, the property of both families failed,

and the young man supported in style, both his own

and his father-in-law's family by his trade.

The church was large and splendid. I obtained a seat as near to Willoughby as I could. He had lost the freshness of complexion he possessed in the country; he was thin and wan. His eyes were sunken; time had thinned the flowing honors of his head; and time, and probably in a still greater degree, care, had furrowed his head with deep indentations. I could not help being surprised when he pronounced his text. His voice appeared changed. Whether he had fallen into the fashionable pronunciation among orators, or whether he conceived it to be more consonant with the dignity of the pulpit to assume a mounding delivery, his announcement of the text, and of the exordium, was different from the artless style which had marked his earlier mode of preaching. There was too much attempt at effect; too much display of self; too much consciousness of what was expected of him; too great a desire to please the fastidious and fashionable part of the congregation. His tones and pauses were no doubt *secondum artem*, but I could not avoid regretting that he did not follow the simple method which had been so blessed by the Lord at Shenstone.

After being some time attracted by his delivery, I adverted with much interest to the matter of his discourse. His sermon was not extempore, as were his former sermons—it was written. And I was sorry to observe, that there was not that same depth of thought, that fund of evangelical matter, that copious dwelling on the doctrines of grace, for which, some years previous, his praise was in all the churches. His emphasis was more correct; his intonations were more judicious; his readings more rhetorical; but at times there would be discovered a studious desire to please, an attention to style excessive and uncalled for, which had a tendency to obstruct the religious emotions of the devout, and, indeed, to give an air of stiffness to his whole manner. His sermons evidently had too much ornament; there was too great an ex-

uberance of metaphor, and seemed to have been written in haste, and with a dependence on past store, instead of being fraught with treasures freshly drawn from the rich mine of Scriptural lore.

The next day I determined to pay him a friendly visit. I rang the bell about the middle of the afternoon. I was ushered into a parlor by a servant, who informed me Mr. Willoughby was lying down. I could not help shaking my head, when surveying the gay furniture which graced his parlor. "Things were not thus at Shenstone," thought I.

Willoughby came down. His manner at first was cold and reserved.

"You appear, cousin Willoughby, in more infirm health than when I saw you last."

"I am not so well, indeed," said he, "but I intend to go to the Springs, where I hope I shall be recruited."

"Your congregation, I presume is flourishing in experimental religion."

"Indeed, sir," answered he, "I cannot say a great deal on that score."

"Have you prayer meetings here, as you were accustomed to have at Shenstone?"

"To tell you the plain truth, I have not. At first I spoke about them to some of my vestry, but they would not listen to it. They said the former rector had attempted them, but was forced to decline them for fear of censures. I believe," continued he, "some of our pious laymen have a prayer meeting at some private house, but—I have never visited it."

"If you will excuse your old and plain dealing friend," said I, after a long pause, "I will avail myself of the liberty which your relationship and acquaintance give me, of remarking that your sermon, which I heard last evening, was not of the heart-searching, faithful kind, for which your discourses at Shenstone were so much esteemed.—Pardon me, when I say I hope, I do hope, you are not guilty of that sin against which you used to warn your hearers—spiritual declension."

"John," said Willoughby, "you are too severe—too censorious. You do not know how much I have to contend with. Shortly after I came here, my vestry intimated to me, that my preaching was too strict. I must, you know, I must, satisfy the officers of the church. The establishment which I have set out in town has drained all my finances. What could I do, should my vestry withdraw or diminish my salary? Dig, I cannot; to beg, I am ashamed."

"What could you do?" answered I. "Do as you preached to others at Shenstone. Do the Lord's work, unmindful of consequences. Cast all your care upon the Lord, and he will care for you. Be true to him, and he will be true to you."

"Cousin John," replied he, with emotion, "you are too rigid, you expect too much of poor human nature. Indeed, you have no conception of the burdens and trials of a city preacher. I had hoped to please my large congregation. I took the greatest pains with my preparations, but I fear I have not entirely succeeded. In this drawer," said he, opening a drawer of a scruitoire, "are some anonymous letters which poisoned my tranquility. In some I am accused of being a Calvinist, and threatened with the loss of part of my congregation. In others I am accused of being too theatical. In others I am charged of being too personal."

"Humph," thought I to myself, "this is being a popular preacher with a vengeance!"

He handed me a package of letters: I glanced over and read a few lines—

"Rev. Sir: I thought I perceived from your sermon last Sunday morning, that you levelled your censures particularly at me and my family. Your personal allusions, sir, —"

"Pshaw! Willoughby," said I, "burn these silly letters, and think no more of them. Be a man, be a Christian, be yourself again. 'Be just,' in the true and Roman sense of the term; 'be just, and fear not.' You are popular, use your popularity to glorify God, not to glorify self."

"Popular!" said Willoughby, "don't mention it. It cuts